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A SHADOW FROM SHASTA.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.
Wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather,
A square set morning long and low;
Yesterday she was a wife and mother,
To-day she is rocking to and fro,
A desolate widow in weeds and woe.

—Song of the Sierras.
Fifteen years ago, in little a valley on the banks of the Upper Sacramento, there dwelt a remnant of the once powerful tribe of Tachasas. But little is known of the history of the tribe, except that they were far above the average California Indian in all that invests the aboriginal character with sentiment and romance. They were wild, fierce and exceedingly warlike, and for years had held undisputed possession of the region over-looked by the snow-clad dome of Mount Shasta. The memory of this tribe has been immortalized by a wild, weird, romantic poem from the pen of Oregon's long-haired and eccentric versifier—Joquin Miller—who, in his youth, spent nearly a year in their company, residing in the wigwam of the chief, and hunting and fishing with the young warriors. This romantic incident in the Sierra songster is not generally known; but when the facts are fully recorded, his admirers will be at no loss to account for the inspiration which guided his pen through the mazes of poetic thought and mournful fancy which gave birth to "The last of the Tachasas."

THE POET'S FIRST LOVE.

Here it was that Miller first felt the awakening of the tender passion, and here it was that he first aroused into being the love of one who clung to him even unto death. She was a dark-eyed, raven-haired creature, with a wealth of love and affection which she lavished upon the adventurer. Joquin Miller's treatment of this poor savage girl reflects but little credit upon the soul of so intense a being as he. It finds a parallel in his subsequent demeanor towards the fairer haired and more cultured being who bears his name and shares (at a distance) the glory that is his. The two incidents confirm the impression that, after all, poets can do very mean things in a very practical way.

THE FIRST MEETING.

As the story goes, Miller was at one time a stockholder, or something of the kind, in Siskiyou county. One day in attending to some cattle in the southern part of the county he came across a party of three young Indians. Believing that they were on a cattle stealing expedition he fired at them to frighten them away, but unfortunately they didn't scare worth a cent, and in about two minutes the disciple of cattle herding and poetry found himself bound hand and foot, with an ugly bullet hole through the fleshy part of his leg. The next morning before daybreak he was in the Indian camp a prisoner. Not knowing what was to be his fate, blind with anger and mortification, and suffering intensely from his wound, Miller lay upon his blanket the very picture of despair.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

She was the daughter of an old chief of the tribe, young—not over eighteen—and as beautiful as an angel's dream. Miller in his poem draws the following picture of her:

"Hard by stood the war chief's daughter,
Taller than the tasseled corn,
Sweeter than the kiss of morning,
And as sweet as star of morn,
Half defiant, half forlorn.

Robed in skins of striped panther,
Lolling loosely to the air,
With a face a shade of sorrow,
And the black eyes that said, beware!
Needing in a storm of hair.

With her striped robes around her,
Pacing by the steady chieftain,
Proud and pure as Shasta's peak.

Her eyes were black, her face was brown;
Her breasts were bare, and there fell down
Such wealth of hair, it almost hid
The two, in its rich jetty fold—
Which I had sometime vainly forbid,
They were richer, fuller far
Than any polished braids are,
And richer than any gold.

On her brown arms and her brown hands
Were hoops of gold and golden bands,
Rough hammer'd from the virgin soil,
So heavy, they could hold no more."

PITY—THEN LOVE.

The maiden then saw the captive and

straightway her heart went out in pity for his sufferings. She unlocked his handcuffs, dressed his wounds, and pleaded with her father for his safety. Her efforts were not in vain. For days and days she was unremitting in her attentions and kindness, and in a month Miller's wound was entirely healed and he bethought him of his future. The tribe, through the intercession of the girl, offered him a safe conduct back to his cattle herds, but some strange invisible power seemed to hold him, and weeks went by, finding him at their close still a guest of the Tachasas. He knew the girl loved him wildly, and he knew also that to leave her would cost him a bitter pang, so he lingered on, even against his better judgment.

THE PATERNAL SANCTION.

The old chief watched the progress of events with a calm serenity and stoic indifference worthy of a statue. He gave no hint that a pale face son-in-law would be acceptable or distasteful, a fact which Miller viewed with a great deal of inner satisfaction. The love of the two ripened rapidly—hers faster than his—for in her wild imaginings she looked upon him as her God and worshipped him accordingly. She taught him a dialect by which they could exchange thoughts and give expression to the heart yearnings which overwhelmed them. He taught her the first rudiments of the English tongue. He filled her mind with glowing pictures of civilization, far beyond the mighty range of snow covered mountains in the East; and she listened with absorbing interest to all he told her of the great world, of which she knew so little and he so much.

THE FOREST WEDDING.

And so the green summer wore away, and gave place to golden autumn. Joquin still lingered in the hospitable wigwam, with no other thought than to bask in the sunlight of the Indian maiden's smiles. She had bewitched him with her artless grace, and bewildered his reason with the passionate love she so freely gave him. As for him he was all in all to her, her world, her God. She had no word for any but the pale faced, long haired stranger, and no thought for aught save his welfare and happiness. And so one day they were married. Not within the massive stone walls of a splendid cathedral, with a gorgeously surpliced priest to mumble over a few formal words which society has set up as a moral safeguard, but beneath the broad branches of a mighty oak, with no eye save that of the Great Spirit upon them nor any voices save those of the chirping beetle and silver-tongued birds to bless their union. Miller in later years has told us this about the bridal guests and wedding festivities:

"The hills were brown, the heavens were blue.
A woodpecker pounded a pine top shell,
While a partridge whistled the whole day thro'
For a rabbit to dance in the clappers,
And a gray grouse drummed, 'All's A-Well!'

THE GLORIOUS HONEYMOON.

For the next month there was but one heaven for Joquin Miller, and that was inside the old chief's wigwam. The frosts came, and the young warriors made up hunting parties to go off and secure the winter's supply of provision; but Miller refused, on all occasions, to accompany them. He sat for hours at a time gazing into the liquid depths of his dusky partner's great dark eyes, and had no joy, no happiness save when in her presence. The old chief soon became aware of the turn in his domestic affairs, but seemed to view the matter in a very philosophical sense. He treated Miller well, and regarded him as affectionately as a father could his own son, although he wondered that the pale face could so long content himself away from his home and kindred. The winter came and went, and still Miller lingered by the side of his forest bride, though an interested observer would have looked in vain for the same passionate affection that held sway in the beginning.

THE MERIDIAN.

Their love had crossed the meridian of happiness, and the young couple began to look upon each other as a matter of course. A quiet indifference sprang up on his part, which boded no good to the confiding child of nature who had placed her trust in him—her fate in his keeping. He no longer sat at her feet or pillowed his head in her lap at eventide, but sat apart at eventide gazing into vacancy, his thoughts far, far away, among the ranches of Siskiyou, or the pleasures of the City of the Sea. He longed for a change and began to look upon the possibility of a separation from his bride with a feeling akin to satisfaction. The wife saw all this, but in her innocence saw nothing to give her alarm. Besides she already felt something which, when told her lord, she knew would fill his very soul with joy, and draw him closer to her.

THE CHILD OF A POET'S LOVE.

One night there was a great commotion in the wigwam. The old chief and the long haired poet were both hustled out in the midnight air and left to shiver

in the gloom of the early morn. Troops of Indian women,

"Wrinkled and brown as bags of leather," hurriedly passed in and hurriedly passed out again. Anxious looks and hurried whispers passed between them, and mysterious ceremonies seemed to be going on within the sacred portals. As the sun lifted its golden halo above the snow crested cliffs of the Sierras, a plaintive wail grated curiously, nay, perhaps a little harshly upon the ear of a pale faced listener without. In another hour an old woman appeared in the doorway and beckoned to Miller that he might enter. He went in and anxiously approached the low bed where lay enwrapped a faintly wrought blanket, the little pink-faced, black-eyed token of his early affection.

THE SEPARATION.

And now Joquin became still more desirous of putting an end to the romance of the past year and return once more to the scenes of his former life. His was a restless, roving, dissatisfied, and, the sentiment of his young passion gone, it could no longer brook a humdrum existence in the wild home of the forest.

"He was no common mould of mind,
But made for action, ill or good;
Cast in another land and scene,
His reckless, restless will had been
A curse or blessing to his kind."

One day he went up to his dusky mate and told her he was going on a visit to his friends in Siskiyou. Tears stood in her great dark eyes as the announcement fell upon her ears, for something within seemed to say:

So here my last day has its close,
And here it ends.

She gazed long and earnestly into the deep blue eyes before her, but could get no comfort from them, for they were cold as stone and as unimpressionable as the rocky crags behind her wigwam. So with a mute appeal for mercy, she threw her arms wildly about him and sobbed as if her heart would break. But it made no difference. Miller was determined to go, and kissing her brow, he gently put her away from him, and giving one look at his dusky little daughter, strode out into the sunlight and wended his way toward the North.

RETRIBUTION.

That, so far as is known, was the last Joquin Miller ever saw of his tawny forest bride. Years passed away. He met, wedded and deserted the lady whose letter in recital of her wrongs, has made him as famous in literature as the poet himself; but he never again acknowledged the Indian woman, who out of the depth of her great love had borne him a child. Not a great while ago, that little child, born in the forest gloom, came into his possession. How, exactly when or where, does not appear, but it is still living and calls Joquin Miller "Father." She is now fifteen years old, and is living in San Francisco, supported from the poet's purse. She is described as strikingly beautiful. She has her mother's deep, dark eyes, and wealth of raven hair, and her father's clear, Caucasian skin. Her neighbors call her the beautiful Spanish girl, for they know not her romantic history; but to her own immediate friends she is known as the poet's gifted child.

It is but justice to Miller to say that he is exceedingly fond of her, and does everything in his power to make her happy. He has provided for her education, and she already shows traces of that genius which has made her father famous and herself proud and happy to be called his, though the child of love only.

THE LAST TACHASAS.

Of her mother nothing is known. The child herself had but little recollection of her, and says the only picture she can recall of her early years, is the memory of a sad, sad face, and a weary, desolate home in a hut on the banks of the Sacramento.

"Wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather,
A square set morning long and low,
Yesterday she was a wife and mother,
To-day she is rocking to and fro,
A desolate widow in weeds and woe."

The Ultramontane priests having been excluded from the control of the universities of Italy, and thereby deprived of one of their chief instruments of power, are aiming to atone, in some measure, for their loss by establishing boarding houses convenient to the institutions of learning, where the students may board and still be kept under ultramontane influences. The liberty of the boarders will not be interfered with, "except that they will be obliged to conform to certain wise regulations, and especially to obey the commandments of the church."

A young lawyer of Savannah, Georgia, lately rode fifteen miles in the cars, walked three more, rode nineteen miles on horseback, examined seven witnesses, argued and won two cases, wrote a deed and returned to his home between the hours of 7 in the morning and 4 1/2 in the afternoon.

A PERFECTED paste can be made by dissolving one ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold add flour enough to make it the consistency of cream then stir into it a half a teaspoonful of resin. Roll it to a proper consistency stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry may be softened with water.

IDLE HOURS BY GRAY BEARD.

From the Bowing Green Panograph.

THE INVENTOR OF RAILROADS.

About three-quarters of a century ago there was born in Leeds, England, a man named Thomas Gray. Scarcely anything is known of his early history. He was, we believe, a poor collier, and being very ingenious, he conceived the idea of facilitating the transportation of coal from the Middleton Colliery to Leeds, a distance of three miles, by means of a sort of railway which he constructed of wood. Upon his career moved at the rate of three and a-half miles an hour, to the great merriment of a wise and discriminating public, who laughed at the idea of a railway as something very visionary, and as the mere suggestion of madness. Poor Gray thought otherwise. Magnificent visions of future railways, such as are now stupendous realities, loomed up before him, and he began to talk in public of a general system of iron railroads. He was, of course, laughed at, and declared a visionary, moon-struck fool. But the more Gray contemplated his little railway, the more firmly did he believe in the practicability and immense usefulness of his scheme. He saw in it all that is now realized, and he resolved, in spite of the ridicule, the sneers and rebuffs that men poured upon him, to prosecute his undertaking.

He petitioned the British Parliament and sought interest with all the great men of the kingdom; but all this had no effect, except to bring down, wherever he went, the loud jeers and ridicule of all classes. Still he persevered, and at length engaged the attention of men of intelligence and influence, who finally embraced his views, urged his plans, and the result is before the world.

Thomas Gray, the inventor of railroads, who no longer ago than 1820, was laughed at for ever mentioning the idea, was still living ten years ago, (and as far we know, still lives,) in Exeter, England, in the full realization of his grand and noble schemes, for which he was declared insane only half a century ago. How much the world has been benefited by his insanity!

THE SUN.

Of all the bodies of the sparkling firmament, the sun possesses for us the greatest interest. Its size, together with its influence which it exerts upon our system, by sending forth its light and heat, add intensity to our interest in this vast and fiery orb.

It is the great central attractor of our solar system around which many inferior worlds move in order and union. Its diameter is about 886,000 miles, which is 112 times greater than that of the earth; and its mass is said to be 1,400,000 times as great. And if all the rest of solar system were united in one body, the sun would be the greater by fifty times. With these facts before us, we can have but little conception of the vastness of this wonderful orb.

By aid of the telescope, dark spots have been discovered upon the sun's disc, which have been a subject of much curiosity, as well as interest, to the astronomers, who still vary in opinion respecting the nature of these spots. Some suppose them to be "tops of mountains on the sun's surface laid bare by the fluctuations in his luminous atmosphere," such is the opinion of Lalande. Prof. Wilson, of Glasgow, also suggests that they may be "vast excavations in the luminous matter of the sun." But the true physical nature of the phenomena is still rather uncertain. One thing is rather peculiar relative to these spots, which is this: They vary in size and number at different times.

It is said that from the year 1611 to 1629 the sun was known to be clear of spots, except for a few days in December, 1624. Prof. Olmsted also states that even a hundred are sometimes visible; but at other times none are to be seen whatever. Such was the case between the year of 1676 and 1684.

It is said, too, that the spots have been known to break into pieces and disappear in a very short time; also that they often break out again in the same place, and often in places where none were ever seen before. It is stated that they have been seen with the naked eye, and according to Dr. Dick, such spots must have been 50,000 miles in diameter.

But very little is known respecting the physical nature of the sun. When it is viewed through a telescope it appears to be a mass of burning liquid, in a state of violent ebullition. It is believed by LaPlace to be in a state of actual combustion, the spots being immense caverns or craters, caused by the eruptions or explosions of elastic fluids in the interior. But this is not without both doubts and contradictions.

This, however, is certain, it was wonderfully executed by a wonderful Executor, and without it, life, both animal and vegetable, would be extinct.

THE DEW.

The dew, celebrated through all times and in every tongue for its sweet influence, presents the most beautiful and striking illustration of the agency of wa-

ter in the economy of nature, and exhibits one of those wise and bountiful adaptations by which the whole system of things, animate and inanimate, is fitted and bound together.

All bodies on the surface of the earth radiate or throw out rays of heat in straight lines—every warmer body to every colder, and the entire surface is itself continually sending rays upwards through the clear air into free space. Thus, on the earth's surface all bodies strive after an equal temperature (an equilibrium of heat) while the surface as a whole tends generally toward a cooler state. But while the sun shines this cooling will not take place, for the earth then receives in general more heat than it gives off; and if the clear sky be shut out by the canopy of clouds, these will arrest and again throw back a portion of the heat and prevent it from being so speedily dissipated. At night, then, when the sun is absent, the earth will cool the most on clear nights, also, more than when it is cloudy, and when clouds only partially obscure the sky, these parts will be the coolest which look towards the clearest portions of the heavens. Now, when the surface cools, the air in contact with it must cool also, and like the warmer currents on the mountain side, must forsake a portion of the watery vapor it has hitherto retained. This water, like the floating mist on the hills, descends in particles almost infinitely minute. These particles collect on every leaflet and suspend themselves from every blade of grass in drops of "pearly dew." And mark here a beautiful adaptation: Different substances are endowed with the property of radiating their heat, and thus becoming cool with different degrees of rapidity, and those substances, which, in the air, become cool first, also attract first and most abundantly the particles of falling dew. Thus in the cool of a summer's evening the grass plot is wet while the gravel walk is dry, and the thirsty pasture and every green leaf are drinking in the descending moisture, while the naked land and the barren highway are still unconscious of its fall.

THE LION'S FEAR OF MAN.

Richtenstien says, that the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not attempt to spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching upon the ground, gathering himself up for the effort. The hunters, he says, make it a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with the most perfect certainty. He adds, that if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his chance of safety to stand perfectly still, even though the animal crouches to make the spring; the spring will not be hazarded if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statue. The animal hesitates, rises slowly, retreats several steps, looking earnestly about him, lies down, again retreats, till having got quite out of the way of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.

A Cure for Small-Pox.

PHILADELPHIA, October 26, 1872.

To the Editor of the St. Louis Democrat:

Noticing that the small-pox is prevailing in your city, I offer through your columns a few suggestions based on my own personal experience with the pestilence here last winter, which will save many a life if heeded. The great fatality attending small-pox, and in fact any dreaded disorder, is that this very dread causes even the stricken one's nearest relations to neglect the patient. It may seem a bold assertion, but I make it confidently, that if taken in time and properly nursed, not over five in every one hundred of the worst small-pox cases you ever heard of will prove fatal. And all this without a doctor ever seeing them at all. Now for the modus.

1. The patient begins to feel queer, languid, out of sorts, but cannot tell why. Shortly the head begins to ache, next a chilliness creeps up the back, next aches, perhaps excruciating in intensity seize the limbs, and the head by this time is in perfect agony. This is the first opportunity to advance against the disorder. At once get the patient to the room always used for sleeping—for his or her life's sake do not, as is generally done, knock up a pallet away up in a lumber room or dreary garret—as to prevent the spread of the contagion to the rest of the family; for by that time every member of that household who is susceptible of the disease at all has got it, and will go through the course of the disorder though you send him instantly fifty miles away. Such an act of barbarity and cowardice takes away the very hope and encouragement that the sick one needs.

2. Now give a strong emetic—mustard water, tartar emetic, or ipecacuanha.

3. When the stomach is thus cleared, let the patient rest ten or fifteen minutes. Then put the feet and legs into a bucket of strong mustard water—hot—at least eight ounces of the most powerful mustard in the bucket. Leave the legs with

this water up to the knees. Do this ten or twelve minutes.

4. Cover the patient up with the bed clothes. Presently he or she is chilly or hot; put on or take off coverlets to suit.

5. Now, then, the skin is beginning to get red spots like pin points upon it, scattered evenly or gathered into patches. If the latter, the case is what is called bad, or by physicians confluent.

6. Drink! water! water! is the plaintive or wildly shouted plea. Give it promptly; not in huge draughts at long intervals, but in little sips every few minutes. Explain kindly to the patient the reason for this, and that you will give him one of these little drinks just as often as he wants. During the next twenty-four or forty-eight hours give three or four hot mustard water foot-baths, and every now and then, when drink is wanted, change the plain cold water for toast water, plain black cold tea, or thin, very thin, cold oatmeal gruel in which there is no butter. Which ever of these the patient prefers give him till he tires of it. The gruel is the most strengthening. Between these give him sips of cold beef tea with a pinch of salt in it, or chicken tea. If he fall asleep don't leave the room, but watch carefully till he wakes, when at once address some kind words of hope and assurance to him.

Watch carefully for what may be called the "turning craving" of the disorder. This is the sudden expression of a desire by the patient for some particular article of food or drink—an egg, a broiled beefsteak, a raw onion, a fried potato, an apple, &c. The moment the wish is made known, give it promptly, but carefully, in small quantities. As a general rule, though the patient starts to eat with avidity, a few bites or sips will satisfy him, and he pushes it away. Sure recovery has now set in, and the only care thereafter is to keep the patient clean and moderate in his eating and drinking.

To prevent itching and pitting: As soon as the pustules begin to fill up pat them with a small cloth dipped repeatedly in barley water, and then anoint them well with sweet oil applied by means of a stout feather. In cases of children, inclose the hands and forearms in old, soft, but strong linen or muslin bags well oiled. Don't be afraid of the bed-clothes, for they are generally destroyed. As to what are termed disinfectants, if I could not obtain bromo-chlorine, or some other odorous disinfectant, I would not use any at all. Carbolic acid and chloride of lime, the most commonly used, are far more nauseating than the smell of the small-pox itself. I firmly believe that more people die of carbolic acid in Philadelphia here last winter than of small-pox.

From the moment of attack the room should be kept dark, and morning and night it should be thoroughly ventilated, the patient being covered completely over with the bed-clothes, while the windows and doors are opened for at least ten minutes each time.

Now, sir, I would like to have all who may follow this advice report the results to you for publication; for I feel certain that if the people can once be taught to lose this cowardly fear of small-pox, patients will receive proper nursing, and, getting that, the fatal cases will be reduced to so low an average as that of any ordinary ailment of which man, in the course of nature, must at some time die.

C. W. ALEXANDER.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Jesuits propose to build a new church in Louisville. They have now two churches in that city.

One thousand dollars have been sent to Japan by the American and Foreign Bible Society, to aid in furnishing the Japanese with the Scriptures in their own language.

It is stated that the marriage of "Father" Hyacinthe will be followed by that of quite a number of French priests, many of whom will publicly renounce their vows of celibacy.

The third Congressional Church of San Francisco has satisfactorily settled the question as to the reception of Chinese converts, by consenting to admit them to membership.

The Philadelphia Baptist Association, the oldest Baptist Association in this country, has passed its 165th anniversary. It includes seventy-eight churches, one hundred ordained ministers, and over twenty thousand members.

AS YET the season is indefinite; we hesitate between a light and heavy coat, and are sometimes caught without any coat. Now it is that it requires nice judgment to determine between fire and no fire, or the shut and open window. Now it is that through erroneous dogmas we suffer from taking cold and all its attendant evils.—E.

The trial of Mrs. Lloyd, indicted for poisoning her husband and four children, is in progress at Leesburg, Virginia.

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Come and See While the Stock is Fresh and Complete.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Iowa has less waste land than any other State in the Union, except Nebraska.

Brigham Young is President of the Deseret National Bank, of Salt Lake City.

The school lands in an average Kansas county, sold at an average price, bring \$100,000 per county.

Georgia land has doubled in value since the discovery that the leaves of the saw palmetto could be converted into paper.

The Colorado papers are agitating the subject a mineral fair, to be held somewhere in the mineral regions of the territory.

The Michigan Central Railway Company is setting a row of American chestnut trees at all available points along its entire line.

Six business houses in Plattsburg, Clinton county, Missouri, were burned on the 28th of October. Loss \$25,000; insured for \$3,000.

The catch of mackerel up to this time, says the Cape Ann (Mass.) Advertiser has not been more than two-thirds that of last season.

Work has commenced on three divisions of the Texas-Pacific Railroad—from Dallas east, from Sherman east, and from Longview west. The company's office at Marshall is completed. Work on the shops there is commenced.

Paschal Morris says he once saved the life of a \$600 Short-horned bull, sick with hayen, by placing a wisp of twisted hay in his mouth and tying it up behind the horns. The working of the jaws to get rid of this incumbrance liberates the gas in the stomach, and relief is immediate.

The trial of Mrs. Lloyd, indicted for poisoning her husband and four children, is in progress at Leesburg, Virginia.

The cholera has made its appearance at Wexford, Ireland, where one death occurred. At Gumbinnen, a town of Eastern Prussia, sixty-six natives southeast of Konigsberg, several fatal cases are reported; and it is also said to be making serious ravages at Buda, in Hungary, where, out of ninety-four cases, twenty-seven have proved fatal.

There has been found in Patagonia an immense deposit of merchandise, of great purity and beauty. The deposit is so immense that there is every probability of a great reduction in the price of the pipes manufactured from this material. Spain, Germany, Asia Minor and Hungary have heretofore furnished the entire supply.

A Kansas editor says: Ere long we may taste again the positive and exquisite pleasure of a good light, a good fire, and a good book, and few are the mortal enjoyments equal to this when the family circle are shut in from the cold blasts without. We can only comprehend true comfort as within the sacred marriage tie, and thence blessed is he who is thus happily placed at his fireside.

The following story illustrates how American first families are made: "Some years ago a charcoal peddler, not far from Hartford, Connecticut, had a Newfoundland dog, which he taught to jump into his basket and lie low while he filled in the charcoal. When the peddler carried the basket very full into the cellar, the purchaser, looking out of the window and checking the basket, was quite satisfied. The dog, well trained, walked out with his master as if nothing had happened. The daughter of this charcoal peddler spent several summers at Saratoga, during the war, with two large 'solitaires' on her person."

In relation to feeding silk worms on Osage orange, the United States Commissioner of Agriculture says full experiments have been made in rearing the silkworm on the leaves of the Osage orange. The worms fed greedily, and were perfectly healthy, and spun fair silk.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1872.

Election Returns—Eight District.

Up to the time of going press we are unable to hear from the counties of Russell, Taylor, Casey, and Wayne. The majorities for Durham are as follows: Anderson, 499; Doyle, 119; Mercer, 182; Ash, 13; Lincoln, 356; Total 1,070. For Bradley: Madison, 127; Garrard, 150; Pulaski, 698; Total, 913. Durham's majority 157.

Lincoln County.

In Congressional race, Durham's majority over Bradley (Radical) 356. By precincts, Stanford 63; Hustonville 43; Walnut Flat 43; Crab Orchard 103; Turnersville 57; Wayneburg 84; Highland, majority for Bradley, 39. Greeley's majority is about 250. O'Connor received 25 votes in the county.

A BRAIN new chicken cock out for sale at this office.

School for scandal—The late Presidential election.

CHICAGO now claims a permanent population of 350,000.

REMARKS' autobiography is said to be nearly ready for the press.

It is not generally credited that Greeley will contest the election.

The last thing that Fanny Fern wrote was a plea for school children.

THE *Congressional Globe* requires an annual salary of about \$350,000.

FOR a last day, the negroes polled a very strong vote here last Tuesday.

A BURLINGTON, Iowa, book firm advertises Bibles "superior to any other."

THE postal railway service has been increased during the last year 10,000 miles.

GRANT'S policy for the next four years is, "No quarter to be shown to the Liberals."

THE farmers of Bradley county, Tennessee have sown twice the usual amount of wheat.

THERE are no "ifs" and "ands" about it, the Northern Democracy will not do to bet on.

GREELEY carried Kentucky, Hudibras Duncan, et al., to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE report has got abroad upon our streets, that there was an election held here on Tuesday last.

Mrs. ANNA E. DICKINSON threatens New York with her new lecture, entitled, "Things I Hope For."

BLOTTING paper is made from soap-wood in Colorado, which is in great profusion on the Western prairies.

A MAYSVILLE grocer recently tapped a barrel of old Bourbon and sold it out at ten cents a quart, supposing it to be vinegar.

THE building in which the Vienna Exhibition is to be held next year will be six times larger than that of the great Paris Exhibition of 1867.

GRANT is reported to have said that "the late verdict of the people had vindicated his private character, and that was all he had any way." Then he has got a light stake.

THE sad intelligence thrills the land to-day that the President's horses are sick. It is a public happiness, though, that those precious animals are accommodated to a palatial stable.

It is not necessary for us to explain in detail how little or much the boy had to say, upon a memorable occasion; let it suffice to say, that touching the late election, we are just as that boy was.

It can not be always said, "Westward the star of Empire takes its way," as witness the covered wagons (those poor conveyances of the sublimity of the soil) that annually bear back to Tennessee to seek their wife's people" many a tall specimen of the genus "cracker."

Bourne copies of the Winchester, Va., *Gazette* from the 2nd of January, 1709, to the 28th of September, 1872, have been presented to the Public Library of Kentucky, by Jerusalem Lodge, A. Y. M., at Henderson. They were presented to the Lodge several years ago by Mr. Harvey Yeaman, a member of the Louisville bar, then a resident in Henderson. The news in the *Gazette* are somewhat out of date, but can probably be worked over when history repeats itself.

THE election in Tennessee passed off very quietly. The rain had a tendency to cool off the excitement of the hot heads of both parties; and the fact that no whisky drinking or drunkenness, consequently no disturbance of any description. At night, however, after the close of the polls, two negroes who appeared to be intoxicated, quarrelled, when a pistol was drawn and presented by one, and a razor by the other, but they were attended by our efficient marshal before any one was hurt.—*Central Ky. News.*

B. Duncan.

This man has a hankering after newspaper life. He has begun it, several times, and quit it every time. Now that O'Connor is elected to stay in New York, B. D. has concluded to re-establish the paper which went down in the storm which engulfed the Bourbon party. Precisely how long it will live, no mortal can tell. It has no rival in a short and

CORRUPTION TRIUMPHANT.

It needed not the tongue or pen of a prophet or sage to foretell the defeat of Liberalism and Democracy, and the triumph of corruption.

The October elections, going, as they did, for the Radical party, sounded the death bell of our own, so far as the race for President is concerned. It is needless to try to conceal the fact that all hope was lost at that time, and that a spirit of apathy seized upon the Democrats everywhere, and made them careless as to the fate of their party or their candidates. It is wrong to say that Horace Greeley was not the man for the times; that another would have brought about a different and a better result. Precisely the same consequences would have ensued, no matter who had been placed upon the ticket. The fatal result only proves that the American people are not yet ready for reconciliation and a lasting peace. It proves moreover that the animosities and prejudices engendered by the war, still find lodgment in the hearts of the great majority of our people in the North. That the people of the South are far more forgiving than their brethren of the North, is proven by the vote given in those States to Mr. Greeley.

Kentucky herself, the grand old Democratic State, has done poorly indeed. Instead of a majority approximating 40,000 for Greeley, we fear it will fall short of one-fourth of that amount. The reason is quite obvious. That reason is not the one which will be given by the Radical press and politicians—namely: Because Radicalism is on the increase, and Democracy on the wane; but because of the spirit of apathy referred to above, and a total want of interest in the election of any one except a "straight-out" Democrat. The vote which O'Connor got in this State, added to the Greeley vote, is no criterion to go by in estimating the real strength of our party in Kentucky. The falling off of the vote shows conclusively that the number who failed to vote is as great, or greater, than the number voting for either. We make this guess on general principles, but predict that when the returns are all in the assertion will be fully verified. In the Stanford precinct alone, the falling off was at least two hundred. With this proportion all over the State, the amount will simply be enormous. It is needless, however, to reprove. There is no sense in "grieving over spilled milk." Yet many will sit down around their firesides, with sad and aching hearts over the triumph of corruption and mourn over the fate of our misruled and misguided country.

It is too soon to begin our plans for the future. We have only to bide our time, never for a moment dreaming of abandoning the principles for which we fought, or think of giving up the ship. Those who, in the hour of danger, refused to come to the rescue when the storm raged the fiercest; those who stood back from the polls when their presence was most needed, and saw their enemies and ours, aided by the black and ignorant hordes of Radicalism triumph again over the South; over peace and reconciliation, are welcome to all the joy derivable from such a course. May the course of Grant's re-election fall upon such heads with redoubled fury and vengeance. For our part, we feel no remorse of conscience. We have done our level best to defeat such ends as have been accomplished, and the reflection gives us unmitigated pleasure. We shall have but little more to say on politics after this week. We shall aim to give our readers all election news of interest to them, until the whole matter is understood; and then, as asserted elsewhere in our present issue, it shall be our aim to lay before our readers other matters of general interest to them, touching upon such subjects as relate to their welfare in all the walks of life.

OVER AT LAST.

The great contest has at last come to a close. The excitement consequent upon a Presidential race, has already begun to subside. We have during the late canvass tried to do our duty in our humble way, it is true, but in a spirit of fairness to all concerned. True, we have not had the same engine of power which others had to help on the good cause, but we flatter ourselves that the one we had did as valiant service as many of far greater pretensions. A consciousness of duty performed, enable us to say that the responsibility of defeat rests in no wise upon us, and that the glory of victory is partly ours. We Americans are fond of excitement, fond of conflicts, both civil and military. We were born in a terrible revolution, and have now, after the lapse of a century, just emerged from a second. The results of the latter brought about the recent civil conflict. It now remains to be seen whether the country is on the highway to increased success and glory, or whether it shall go backward, and lose a part of her former greatness. For our part, we believe that great good will come of the heated race for supremacy. Errors in policy have been corrected. As a people, we now understand each other better than we ever did. A spirit of beautiful reconciliation seems to be abroad in the land. The people of the North, many of them at least, are taking up abode in the South. The time is coming, and is not far off, when the war will be entirely forgotten, and we, as a Nation, will be united more heartily in sentiment than ever before. God speed the time. Until that time does arrive, it is the duty of every citizen to aid in bringing it about. Do not say that you can do nothing toward its consummation. Each citizen, however poor and humble, can do much toward it, and he owes it to himself, his neighbor, and his country, to use whatever influence he can, in the matter. Let us, to this end, dislike another, because that other does not see through the same glass we do. Each of us is entitled to his opinion, and in this

STATE NEWS.

Nicholasville is to have a Democratic paper.

Diphtheria continues to prevail in Harrison county.

The German ladies of Lexington have organized a Glee Club.

Silver ore is found in paying quantities in Henry county.

Dr. Norvin Green has resigned the Presidency of the Short-line railroad.

Six slander cases are pending before the Circuit court in Muhlenburg county.

An epidemic has broken out in Jessamine county, which the doctors pronounce thieving.

Warren county is enjoying the luxury of a tremendous lawsuit over a half acre of land valued at ten dollars.

The first house in Bellevue, Kentucky, was erected six years ago. There are now 170 buildings in the place.

THERE are eight dissatisfied couples who are seeking divorce by suits in the Campbell county chancery court.

The Clark county Democrat is jubilant of the fact that Clark is the only county which export 3 Durham cattle to England.

The Masons of Danville are about to institute a Commandery at that place. They have now one of the most beautiful Halls in the State.

Last Monday was court day in Richmond. There were not a hundred men in town, and no stock on the market. Small-pox has abated.

CHOLERA is making rapid strides towards America, being now two-thirds of the way across the Continent of Europe, making sad havoc as it journeys Westward.

The Glasgow Times entered with the last issue upon its eighth volume. Its career has been one of growth and prosperity, and it is now attaining Kentucky weekly.

The Carter county, Kentucky, man who avowed his intention to find silver, or go to hell for it, has already gone 160 feet in that direction, and sent for more powder and rope.

A great many valuable horses have been stolen in Marion, Fayette, Bourbon and adjoining counties recently. One of our exchanges suggests that Leggos at his old tricks. A good look will cost about a dollar.

The Louisville Presbytery will meet at the Hancock street Presbyterian church, in Louisville, on Tuesday, November 12, for the trial of the Rev. Gilbert H. Robertson, upon charges of drunkenness, lewdness, and falsehood. A final disposition will be made of the case at that time.

Bill Williams, colored man, who had his trial last week in the Taylor county Circuit Court for the murder of Charley Chiles, was found guilty of murder in the first degree by the jury, and was sentenced to be hung on Friday, December 20th, next. A motion for a new trial is, however, pending in his case.

On the 14th inst., thirty-five \$1,000 bonds issued to pay the subscription of Marion county to the Louisville and Nashville railroad, having been paid off by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, were committed to the flames in County Clerk's office, together with 216 coupons that had been paid off.—*Lebanon Standard.*

The Harrodsburg People says: "Little Willie's eyes had the brightness and his memories the pleasures of only four Summers. During the past Summer he has been very much interested helping his grandmother to raise chickens."

The other day he wanted a certain pony. Wait, he was told, "all your grandpa can raise you one." That's too long, replied Willie; "grandpa hasn't even set the mares yet."

From the Owensboro Shield: "Andrew Jones, of this county, discovered a number of rattlesnakes the other day numbering one hundred and ten. The largest was seven feet long, and three inches around the body, and had eighteen rattles and a button. The smallest was a foot long. They were discovered in a small cave, where they had taken up their winter quarters. In the cave were the skeletons of numerous birds, toads, rabbits, &c."

No Change.

We waited a long time to see whether or not any change would be made in the news of Wednesday as to the election returns. We waited in vain. All we can say to our readers, without attempting details, is that Grant is elected by an overwhelming majority, and there will be an increase, instead of a decrease, as we had hoped, in the number of Radical members of Congress. Comment is needless. We can only "grin and bear it."

Suffice for our glory, that we have, according to the best information now at hand, an unbroken delegation from Kentucky in Congress. With Beck, Durham, Adams, Read, Brown, Standiford, and their co-members, Kentucky will take a proud position in the halls of our National Legislature, and much good will be done by them toward keeping down that miserable and unjust system of legislation which has always, and forever, with characteristic Radical members.

Durham Elected.

The 8th District safe. Durham is elected by a small majority over Bradley, Radical. We have but few returns officially, but enough is known to

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

For the past few years a storm has been raging to a considerable extent, over a mistaken contest between labor and capital. This war has been, so far, confined to all our large cities, but if it goes unchecked, it will, like a pestilence, or last week's sensation, spread all over the country, ramifying every village and farm. Not only does this war rage in our own country, but all over Europe—especially in England and France, where it originated. Serious results have been known to follow, always ending disastrously to labor reforms. Rochester, the great French agitator, whose influence over the French working people did so much to precipitate the war with Germany, has been banished from France. He will, in all probability, make America his future home, and if he should, unfortunately, do so, we fear that he will, as the *Prairie Farmer* says, "be here a firebrand and an element of discord." We have Rochester enough already. Every large city has them in abundance. Whenever labor sets itself up toward against capital, no good can follow. Such a war is similar, in many respects to a war between plebeian and aristocrat. It is the spirit of agrarianism clothed in another form. We would do all within our power to protect, uphold, and defend labor. We admire and greatly love the laboring man, for we know that without labor, capital would be of no avail. While we frankly say this much for labor, we cannot refuse to say less for capital, for without capital, what would labor be worth? We admire the capitalist also, for it is he who furnishes the means to dig down and tunnel mountains, fill up ravines, bridge immense rivers, build cities, railroads, canals, ships, &c. The one is the hand-maid of the other. "United they stand, divided they fall." There is a community of interest between labor and capital. Instead of the one oppressing the other, it is to the most vital interests of each that it stand up and battles with the other, for mutual success.

We very much hope that this foolish and selfish war will cease. Until it does, we cannot hope to advance in material wealth as we would, had not this conflict begun. When we say that we are opposed to this war between labor and capital, we do not wish to be understood as opposing any effort to check the abuses to labor and the laboring man, such as those which the Hon. John Bright, of England, has done so much to correct. Far from it. On the contrary, no one shall excel us in our humble efforts to afford the fullest protection to labor, or in the effort to correct any and all abuses to it; but this war between labor and capital should cease.

Something Better.

It was our duty as journalists, being Democratic in politics, to have more or less to say each week on that subject, during the recent election. Now that it is over, we shall have something else, and we believe and hope something better to write and talk about, as a general thing. Ours is designed for a local paper. A weekly journal published in the interest of our particular section, Central and South-eastern Kentucky, and all the adjoining counties to our own, shall receive through our columns a determined support. There are other questions than that of politics, which should engage the serious attention of all thoughtful men. The great Cincinnati Southern railroad is the leading question. Compared with that, all other local affairs dwindle into insignificance. The benefits and blessings which its completion would bestow upon the counties through which it would pass cannot be over-estimated.

Other matters, of a local character, should be looked after. The farmer and trader will want to hear more of such matters as pertain peculiarly to them. Let us forget politics and politicians and lend all our energies to the public good.

States for Grant.

New York 40,000; New Jersey, 8,000; New Hampshire, 5,000; Vermont, 31,000; Maine, 28,000; Massachusetts, 75,217; Rhode Island, 8,000; Pennsylvania, 100,000; Nebraska, 10,000; Indiana, 20,000; Ohio, 10,000; Oregon, 20,000; Wisconsin, 15,000; Connecticut, 4,739; Delaware, 611; Illinois, 30,000; Iowa, 50,000; Kansas, 25,000; Michigan, 30,000; Minnesota, 20,000; Mississippi, 35,000; Nevada, 2,000; North Carolina, 10,000; South Carolina, 30,000; Virginia, and West Virginia, 60,000. Total vote of Grant, 526,881.—In 1872 a vote of 620,634.

Grant's electoral vote in 1868, was 214, and in 1872, his electoral vote will be about (as before stated) 281. This is glory enough for Radicalism.

Exit Vic. and Tennie.

The last number of *Woodhall and Chaplin's Weekly*, containing an anonymous charge against Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton, and also a scandalous and malicious article on Mr. L. C. Chiles, of New York city. The latter ended out a virulent attack, and on the 21st ult. the United States Grand Jury found an indictment against the pair for gross libel, and fixed their bail at \$8,000 each, in default of which both were confined in jail.

Murrah for Beck.

Our readers know this distinguished man, who represented many of them in the old district, two terms in Congress. His new trial has again returned him to those halls to fight the rascally Radicals. Little Stephen Troupe, a rascally Democrat, backed by the black and white Radicals, tried to beat him, but Beck's majority is close up to 10,000.

THANKSGIVING.

Governor Leslie's Proclamation Fixing November 28th as the Day.

WHEREAS, The Government of the United States, as well as the States severally, are alike dependent upon the Providence of the wise and supreme Ruler of the Universe, whose beneficence has vouchsafed to the people of this Commonwealth through another year the blessings of peace, and of civil and religious liberty, the use of the Bible, and a proclaimed gospel, encouraging success in all of our benevolent and educational institutions, secured to our people general good health and permitted them to gather rich and bountiful harvests, guarded and shielded us from devastation by flood, fire and pestilence, and it is meet and proper that public recognition thereof should be made by us as a Christian people.

Therefore I, Preston H. Leslie, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky do appoint Thursday, the 28th day of November, 1872, as a day for thanksgiving, humiliation, and prayer, and do recommend and request that the entire population of Kentucky shall, with the opening of light on that day, cease from all secular employment, and repair to their usual places of public worship, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and render to our gracious Heavenly Father thanks and praises for his great mercies unto us, and implore his continued favor as to enable each to say, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in Him will I trust."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand, and caused the seal of the Commonwealth to be hereunto affixed. Done at Frankfort this 4th day of November, 1872, and in the 81st year of the Commonwealth.

P. H. LESLIE, By the Governor: G. W. CHADDOCK, Secretary of State.

Why?

We have been asked, oftentimes, why the Democratic vote was so meagre in this county, especially in the Stanford precinct. The reason is patent to the most simple mind. It was because the Democrats thought that Judge Durham's election was an assured thing, and that no special effort was essential to his election. Because they thought he could well spare a few votes, and still come out ahead of his opponent with a large and overwhelming majority. Such an idea came very near proving fatal to his election, and but for the efforts of his most determined friends, Bradley would have been chosen to represent us in the next Congress. All honor to the brave few, and all shame upon the languid and apathetic.

High or Low?

The Episcopal Recorder (low church) and the Church Weekly (high church) have both ceased publication.—*Ledger.* "High" and "low" always goes out before "jack and the game."

Good for old Lincoln.

Old Lincoln county, one of the original five counties in the State of Kentucky, has done nobly, grandly, for Judge Durham, in his race for Congress in this, the 8th District. While other counties have failed to come up to their duty, he has stood by her colors, and given Judge Durham a majority of 356. All honor to the grand old county; the mother of Logan, Montgomery and other brave old pioneers. Let us all rejoice that in this day of trial and tribulation Lincoln county has done her duty.

Faint-Hearted Boyle.

Boyle county, with many brave and noble spirits, has failed to "come to time" in the Congressional race. Her meagre majority, one hundred and nineteen, for our standard-bearer, speaks but poorly for her Democracy. What is the matter? Why are her people so supine and listless? Schools and colleges abound in her county seat, yet there their rarest to the clouds; yet the African race are in the ascendant, and, ere long, will have full control of the fair and beautiful city of Danville.

The Presbytery on Baptism.

E. Rockwell Smith was recently licensed as a minister in the Presbyterian church by the West Lexington Presbytery. During his examination he was asked by Rev. Mr. Strahan whether, under any circumstances, he would baptize by immersion. In reply, he stated a case in which he would do so, and in consequence, Rev. William George, of Mount Sterling and five others, protested against the act of the Presbytery in licensing him. The subject was brought up before the Synod at its recent meeting in Maysville on a resolution which involved a censure of the Presbytery. Mr. George made a lengthy and able argument in favor of his protest, and Mr. Smith defended his position. The Synod was placed in a delicate position. Presbyterians generally held that the baptism of the Scripture was not by immersion, but by pouring. Yet they would dislike to say anything which would be construed into branding the Baptist Church as heretical. The Synod, therefore, would not condemn the action of the Presbytery in licensing Mr. Smith, but approved it. At the same time they instructed the ministers of the church under no circumstances to administer the rite by immersion, but always by pouring, not that the former was heretical, but that the latter was the Scripture mode.

AN INHUMAN MOTHER.

The Paduchus *Kontarian* gives the following account of the ravishment of a beautiful young girl by a prominent business man of that city: "A woman with a daughter between thirteen and fourteen years of age, sometime ago came here and established a house of ill-fame. Her daughter is represented to us as a modest and virtuous girl, and of rather prepossessing appearance; that she is greatly disgusted with her mother's conduct and mode of living, but being a stranger and very young she had no recourse but to live with her. The mother's ambition seems to have been to sell her wherever she could get the most money. Various offers we understand were made, but none of them accepted, until a man of family in this city made such a brilliant offer that it was accepted. The consent of the girl was all that was necessary to be obtained. The girl, conscious of her virtue and innocence, stoutly resisted all threats and blandishments. One night the mother let this man enter the room of the daughter, after she had retired for the night, and locked the door. The girl, alarmed nearly to death, set up a terrible screaming and crying for help. Two women who lived in the house finally went to her assistance, and after numerous threats to break the door down unless they were admitted, the man opened the door and made his exit. Even two prostitutes could not listen to the screams of this young girl without going to her assistance, while the mother, who was anxious to sell her child, stood unconcerned by without being the least affected. We learn that the man subsequently accomplished his design, and that the girl is enceinte; further, that she left her yesterday by river for Cairo or Memphis to be confined. There is said to be other and worse in which the same party figures, the particulars of which will be given to the public in a few days."

The Tribune and Greeley.

It is announced that Mr. Greeley will again, and that very soon, assume control of the great *Tribune* newspaper as editor-in-chief. As an editor, he has not an equal upon the continent. His name and fame are immortal, and we predict that under his mighty editorial control, the *Tribune* will sway an influence over the people of this country, even greater than before.

Thanksgiving Day.

Gov. Leslie has appointed Thursday, the 28th of this month, a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for his many mercies. Let all the people rejoice. The National thanksgiving occurs on the same day.

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